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THE TOTEM

Two Big Stores in One.

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THE BIG STORE

GOOD GOODS RIGHT PRICES

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We are striving to sell you better goods for less money. That's why we grow. We want your trade solely upon the merits and prices of the goods we sell.

ooooo

JOHN R. ABBOTT

Manager

THE TOTEM

COMMENCEMENT

NUMBER---1912

PUBLISHED BY THE

WINAMAC HIGH SCHOOL

WINAMAC, INDIANA

PRICE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS THE COPY

1912
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WINAMAC

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C. E. SPAULDING,
Superintendent.

To

C. E. Spaulding

Superintendent Winamac Schools

this book is

Affectionately Dedicated

Winamac High School Building.

Washington Street Bridge.
High School in Background.

Staff

Editor-in-Chief

WILLIAM JACKSON.

Assistant Editors

Social ..... Mabelle Miller

Alumni ..... Clara Dilts

Athletic ..... Harry Parrott

Business Manager ..... Paul Mitchell

Commencement

A tense air of excitement, a strenuous week for both pupils and teachers to round out allotted work, a feeling of exhilaration on the part of some score of fortune hunters (this feeling mingled with regret that the plot of ground that has known them for twelve years will know them no more, and they less of each other) —all this perhaps would epitomize the impressions of commencement week. It has an atmosphere peculiarly its own.

The pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church, Rev. H. C. Weston, will deliver the bacealaureate sermon on Sunday evening, April 28. We only regret that The Totem goes to press too early to contain some detailed account of that occasion and the address. We congratulate the Methodist parisioners for the splendid work of their pastor, and especially for the pipe-organ lately installed.

The exercises of the twenty-third annual commencement will be held in the Vurpillat opera house on Friday evening, May 10, 1912. Dr. Wirt Lowther will deliver the address before the graduating class, speaking from the subject, "The Art of Seeing Things." We are assured of an entertaining and helpful address.

Miss Louise Schellschmidt, the eminent harpist of Indianapolis, has been engaged to intersperse the program with selections on that favorite of all instruments. A harpist never fails of an appreciative audience. Miss Schellschmidt is a thorough artist on this instrument. Those who have heard her are anticipating a treat rarely enjoyed.

—O. C. KINNICK.

Seniors

JOHN WENDT.

Thesis: "Class History and Prophecy."

"Oh! Anthony and those wretched spiders of his!" Johnny walks and talks with a slight German accent. Decidedly a lady's man, and deeply interested in the study of "Bees." "Why not? Why not?"

CLARA DILTS.

Thesis: "The New Constitution."

"Who's who, and why?" Talking and walking is her chief occupation. "Dade" took an "active" part in the Senior play.

AGNES HOFFMAN.

Thesis: "Child Labor in the U. S."

"My ears were never better fed with such delightful, pleasing harmony." Beaux or Bows—that is the question.

FANETTE MILLER.

Thesis: "The Influence of Irrigation in Our Western States."

Fane is a cheerful little warbler, but manages to play the 'possum in school. She's as quiet as a mouse, and always deserves her exemptions.

Seniors

DEAN PATTISON.

Thesis: "The Parcels Post System in the U. S."

"Umpie" is quite a reciter, and shines prominently in English class. If there's any dispute over basket ball, ask Dean.

VIOLA DEGNER.

Thesis: "Salutatory Address."

This demure little miss attends strictly to studies, and gains the sincere admiration of everyone she meets.

BEATRICE MILLER.

Thesis: "Pure Food Laws in Indiana."

"Bee" works hard most of the time, but never neglects "Jawn." A decided brunette, of a roving disposition, having applied several times for a change (toward the rear).

BEATRICE HEDGES.

Thesis: "Effects of Strikes in the U. S."

"Innocence personified." If it's up to anyone to make a hit, "Hedgie" certainly can fill the bill. This little girl is scarcely above sea level, but holds her own just the same.

Seniors

PAUL MITCHELL.

Thesis: "The Turkish Question."

Here, dear reader, behold the star of the Senior class. Paul is a walking encyclopedia, a cute little fellow, and always full of fun.

MILDRED HATHAWAY.

Thesis: "The Growth of Grand Opera in the United States."

"Mid" and her "fiancee" can be seen any place at any hour of the day. This is positively the worst case in the W. H. S., and we begin to feel that Mid really has serious intentions.

CLEO LONG.

Thesis: "Restrictions on Immigration."

For some reason or other, most of the time, Cleo appears quite melancholy, but "Prior" to this, she was always cheerful and her hopes were "Hi."

ETHEL SMITH.

Thesis: "The Trees of Pulaski County."

"Know thyself" and know the best nail polish on the market is Ethel's motto. Ethel is a busy girl, but she does find time for her fingers.

Seniors

HARRY PARROTT.

Thesis: "The Present Chinese Problem."

Harry is our athlete. He stands six feet eight above sea level. He is a stanch member of the "Anti-Cupid Association," never once having violated any of its rules.

ETHEL LINN.

Thesis: "The Growth of Labor Unions in the U. S."

This dear "child" of ours will soon be far away in the jungles teaching the natives, but we're hoping she'll not forget W. H. S.

LENORE BRINGHAM.

Thesis: "Equal Suffrage in the U. S."

"Irish" just came to us this year, and has proved a "star" in all her studies.

PEARL KISTLER.

Thesis: "The Consolidation of Schools in Indiana."

Pearl is our "orator," having frequently pleased the H. S. with her readings. She is a general favorite, a cute little girl with charming manners.

Seniors

WILLIAM JACKSON.

Thesis: "Valedictory Address."

"And still the wonder grew, that one small head could carry all he knew." This bashful youngster has come into prominence since the Senior play. "Jimmy" can do everything from playing basket ball down to rolling marbles. "The rest is silence."

MABELLE MILLER.

Thesis: "Class Poem."

Frank and ingenuous, sometimes troubled with affairs of the heart, 'tis true, but brimful of witchery ever and always is our "All-of-a-Sudden Peggy."

HAZEL JOHNSON.

Thesis: "Equal Suffrage in England."

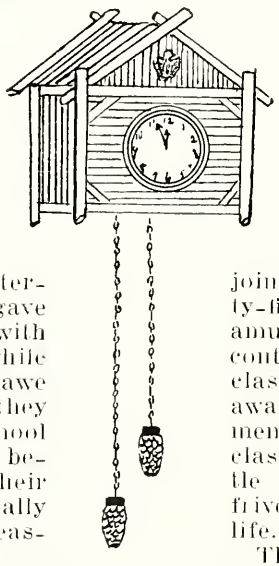
Hazel's smile is hidden, but it's there just the same. No one can approach this "little" damsel without a smile on account of her pleasing ways.

KATHRYN HOCH.

Thesis: "United States Pensions."

"Call me up some rainy afternoon." "Katie" was asleep at the telephone office, and the editor hated to awake her for a more detailed statement.

Class History



About twelve years ago thirty-five little six-year-olds, carefully coached by their anxious mothers, were sent off to school for the first time. They entered the building with fear and trembling. On being taken to first grade room their terror increased. Many gave vent to tears, mingled with sobs for mamma, while others looked about in awe at the room in which they were to begin their school career. Gradually they became accustomed to their surroundings, and finally their work became a pleasure.

Each year as we entered a higher grade our pride increased. We were no longer beginners, but now ranked with those who **knew** and could be regarded with something other than pity or amusement. During our progress many members of our class dropped out, but from time to time others were added; thus we retained about the same number.

It came to pass that in the year 1908 we were ready to graduate from the eighth grade and enter High School. There were twenty-graduates, only seven of this number representing those original thirty-five. Graduation exercises were held in May at the Methodist church. And, lest I forget, ours was the last class to hold eighth grade commencement exercises in Winamac.

In the autumn of the same year we entered upon our famous career in "our dear old High." Many from other schools joined us and we were forty-five. Regarded with amusement and sometimes contempt by the other classes we were painfully aware that we were "freshmen." We were a studious class, however, giving little attention to the more frivolous events of school life.

Though our Sophomore year was in most respects like the previous one, the uninteresting appellation of "Freshie" could be shaken like dust from our feet and that, at least, was a triumph.

We began our Junior year with a resolve to be successful in our studies, but as a side line to have a good time. We succeeded in both. The crowning event of our many social affairs was our reception to the Seniors, wherein we tried to surpass all previous attempts. Most of the money to give the reception was obtained from our play "Muldoon's Blunders" given in February, 1911. The success of the play and the reception was due to the efforts of Prof. O. T. Spencer, whom the

WHEN WE WERE SOPHOMORES

class of 1912 shall also mourn and remember as its sincere friend, instrumental in many of its successes and joys. A hay-ladder ride to Bruce Lake, where the day was spent in boat riding, swinging in hammocks and eating, closed our Junior career.

A hay-ride to the home of Viola Degner was the first social event of our Senior year. Next came a party in honor of the Sophomores who, in return, surprised us by entertaining us royally at Keller's Hall. Recognizing the class infatuation for hay-ladders, another was taken for the sole purpose of enjoying a ride. "All-of-a-Sudden Peggy," given April 18th under the direction of Miss Diederich and Miss Stratton, furnished us with funds for the phonograph which we leave to the W. H. S. as our memorial.

The graudating class of 1912 is twenty strong, three of this number, Katheryn Hoch, Clara Dilts and the writer, constituting the remnants of the thirty-five who entered the Winamac grades in 1900.

—❖—

It was in 1932 when, one day while sitting in my bachelor apartments, the memories of that happy 1912 came thronging back and an intense desire to know about my former comrades seemed to overwhelm me. I even remembered how they chaffed me concerning my determination to be a bachelor. My musings and "homesickness" culminated in a resolve to return to Winamac for a visit. Upon arriving I found it to be, not the quiet town that I had known, but a bustling city. The cry of the cabmen, the noise of the street cars, and the honk of the automobiles met the ear.

Impatiently making my way to the old school building, I found

WHEN WE WERE JUNIORS.

that it had been remodeled and enlarged until it had become enormous. I went to the office, and imagine my surprise when I was here greeted by Dean Pattison, as Superintendent of Winamac High School.

In talking over old times our conversation drifted to Harry Parrott, who was much in the limelight then. He was running for his second term as United States Senator from Indiana, and there was no doubt that he would win out, for all the women were working hard for his election, because it had been through his untiring efforts and eloquent orations that a bill had been passed in Congress that gave women the privilege to vote.

Upon Dean's invitation I remained in dear old Winamac for a while. One evening we decided to visit one of the new theaters and found that the entertainment for the evening was provided by a violinist whose music was calling forth a wealth of applause and admiration. The name on the program told no secrets, so you can well imagine our delight when our former classmate, Agnes Hoffman, proved to be the inspired musician. But another revelation awaited me, for when I inquired of Dean who had built and who owned this beautiful up-to-date structure, he told me that it, together with the adjoining buildings, belonged to Paul Mitchell.

On Sunday, upon visiting one of the larger churches, a familiar figure ascended the pulpit and in the minister whose sermon was by far the best I have ever heard I recognized our mischief-loving William Jackson.

The next day, court being in session, we decided to go to the assembly room of the new court house for a while. Here a series of surprises greeted me. Viola Degner was the judge, the first woman in Indiana to hold the office! The lawyer speaking was Clara Dilts! There were several other women lawyers present, among them Beatrice Hedges, Mildred Hathaway and Pearl Kistler. Women had certainly made rapid strides in politics.

A beautifully dressed woman met us as we left the court house. I recognized her as our Mabelle Miller. Upon stopping to talk I discovered that her name was not Miller, but ———, and she informed me that Beatrice Miller was her neighbor, she also having deserted the ranks of solitary bliss.

Dean surprised me on speaking of his teachers. He named Lenore Bringham and Hazel Johnson. I then inquired concerning the whereabouts of Ethel Smith and Katheryn Hoch, to learn that Ethel was a missionary in Africa, that Katheryn with Ethel Linn, and that Cleo Long and Fannette Miller had gone to Texas to teach school and had been very successful.

My visit to dear old Winamac came to an end, but I could return to my work with a feeling of intense satisfaction concerning the fate of the class of Crimson and Gold. They had all proved themselves worthy men and women, willing and able to take up their burdens in life and I was justified in being proud that I too had been a member of the class of 1912.

—JOHN L. WENDT.

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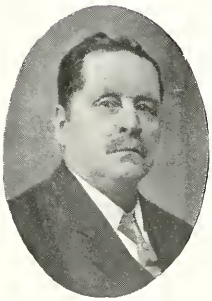
Respectfully Dedicated
by
His Pupils and Fellow Teachers
to
OTIS T. SPENCER,
Supervisor of Music in the
Winamac High School
1909-1911.
Died March 6, 1912.

Our Genial School Board

A. B. DIGGS,
President.

J. M. KRISS,
Treasurer.



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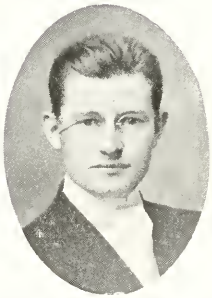
Secretary

Faculty

C. E. SPAULDING,
Superintendent.

CLAUDE O. KINNICK,
Principal.



HEBER P. WALKER,
History and Mathematics

LOUISE C. DIEDERICH,
German and English.

ETHEL H. STRATTON.
Latin and Mathematics.

The Classes

CLASS OF 1912

CLASS OFFICERS.

President ..... John Wendt.
Secretary ..... Clara Dilts.
Treasurer ..... Agnes Hoffman.

During the extended illness of the class president, Clara Dilts ably performed the duties of the office, and upon his return to school, John Wendt resumed them.

The class enjoyed two hay-rides during the year. In October, 1911, Viola Degner delightfully entertained the members at her home, six miles southwest of town. The teachers also enjoyed this little trip with the class and, in spite of the balky horses, a jolly time was spent on the way. At Degner's games were played in the yard and in the house. Many danced the Virginia reel and waltzed, while others were engaged in various games, after which dainty refreshments were served. Everyone fully enjoyed the evening.

On March 12,1912, the class took a hay-ride of about seven miles through the country with no particular destination in view. Not all of the class went because of the cold weather, but nevertheless those who did go managed to keep things lively.

In October, 1911, the class entertained the Sophomores with an autumn party in the Yurpillat Hall. The room was decorated with leafy branches and jack-o'-lanterns. The evening was spent the guessing contests and games, the prize winner being Mary Jackson, Sophomore. Later the Seniors served appropriate refreshments, then the lights were turned low and all gathered round to hear ghost stories from members of each class. At a late hour, the guests, fully expecting an encounter with a ghost on the way home, departed.

"ALL-OF-A-SUDDEN PEGGY."

The class presented Ernest Denny's popular three-act comedy, "All-of-a-Sudden Peggy," April 18th, at the Yurpillat Opera House.

The instructors, Miss Diederich and Miss Stratton, worked faithfully to make this one of the best school plays ever given by the Winamac High School.

The cast was well chosen and trained. It was as follows:

Anthony, Lord Crackenthorpe.....
..... John Wendt
Jimmy Keppel (his brother).....
..... William Jackson

CLASS OF 1913

Major Archie Phipps ..... Glenwood Tuttle
Jack Menzies.....Harry Parrott
Parker ..... Dean Pattison
Lucas ..... Paul Mitchell
Millicent Keppel....Agnes Hoffman
Lady Crackenthorpe..... Mildred Hathaway
Mrs. Coloquhoun.....Clara Dilts
Mrs. O'Mara .....Lenore Bringham
Peggy (her daughter)..... Mabelle Miller

CLASS OF 1913

CLASS OFFICERS.

President .....Ferne Parrott
Secretary .....Dorrit Degner.
Treasurer .....Laura Brinker.

In October, 1911, the class entertained the Freshmen at a barn party in the Park pavilion. Games were played, refreshments served, and everyone present enjoyed the evening.

THE JUNIOR PLAY.

When Mrs. Briggs announced that she "bought, sold and 'maid' chickens to order," it filled the good people of our town with consternation. However, when she decided to spend the evening of February 20, 1912, at the Vurpillat opera house, everyone came out to see her. She brought her family and several friends with her. Silas, her near relation, stands first in our estimation, for he aided Mrs. Briggs in buying her "incubus" and starting the chicken farm. We feel, however, that she fully repaid him, when she brought about his marriage with Mandy, whose tongue seemed always to twist in the wrong way.

Mrs. Briggs' immediate family was very entertaining. Her daughters, Melissa and Alvira, kept things in such a constant turmoil that we breathed more freely when we saw that nothing really happened to them. Jimmy, her youngest son, didn't like anyone who didn't have the sense of "forty-nine cats." Daisy, a charming little maid, must have had this sense, for she certainly pleased him. Ralph, her eldest son, we admired because he was so good and noble, and with Virginia, the supposed daughter of Mr. Lee, gave us an ideal love picture. Mr. Lee was stern and relentless, but after the mystery was solved he was more agreeable. Last, but not least, came Mrs. O'Connor, who simply could not agree with Mrs. Briggs on the goat question. Each player acted his part well and to the entire satisfaction of the audience.

Interesting specialties were rendered between acts. Music was furished by Edith Bader, pianist; Mabelle Miller and Agnes Hoffman, violinists; and Harry Hoffman, drummer.

The Junior play was quite a success financially, the proceeds being $108.65. Of this $70 was clear, $30 was given to the Juniors for their reception, and the remainder will be used for a memorial of the class of 1913.

CLASS OF 1914

CLASS OF 1914

CLASS OFFICERS.

President ..... Charles Ale.
Vice President ..... Mary Dukes.
Secretary and Treasurer ..... Pearl Goodpaster

In February, 1912, the class delightfully entertained the Seniors and teachers in Keller's Hall. The program had been carefully prepared and the games and contests were very enjoyable. After refreshments of punch and wafers, some time was spent in dancing and learning the Virginia reel. Prize winners of the evening were Miss Belden and Cleo Long.

A party was given by the Sophomores in the Vurpillat Hall on the evening of March 1, 1912, in honor of Lester Rouch, who left the class because of moving to Marion, Ind. The evening was spent in playing games and having a general good time.

Janet Keller spent the winter in St. Petersburg, Florida, from which place she wrote several interesting letters to the English class.

Estella Tyle of Chicago recently entered the class.

LOOKS

I stood upon the mountain,
I gazed upon the plain;
I saw a lot of green stuff
That looked like waving grain.
I took another look at it,
And thought it must be grass;
But, heavens! to my horror,
It was the Freshman class.
—Contributed by a Senior.

A Freshman to his intense delight found the following lines in the Tabula:

The Seniors noticed something
green,
They thought it was the Freshman class;
But when they drew a little
nearer
They saw it was a looking glass.

CLASS OF 1915

CLASS OF 1915

CLASS OFFICERS.

President ..... Helen Parrott.
Secretary and Treasurer.....Helen Hagenbush.

On Friday evening, March 1st, 1912, the class entertained the Juniors and the teachers of the Winamac High School at a party given in the main hall and Room 7 of the school building. Class colors of both Freshmen and Juniors were tastefully arranged in the hall and room—lavender and ivory for the Freshmen, purple and old gold for the Juniors. The evening was passed in playing games and singing songs. In a slang-writing contest Laura Brinker received first prize and Mr. Walker the "booby." This contest furnished much amusement for all, as everybody wrote as much slang as possible, but, as the use of slang is not a preferable habit, the first prize was awarded to the one using the least.

The refreshments, ice cream and cake, were served in Room 7. The long white tables were lighted with candles, shaded with the class colors. After the refreshments were enjoyed all remained at the tables, and the remainder of the evening was spent in singing school and college songs, Mr. Kinnick and Mr. Spaulding proving stars. Mr. Spaulding and Miss Diederich rendered a German song, much to the amusement of those pupils who could not understand German. After cheering and yells for the Juniors, the teachers and the Freshmen, all departed. The Juniors and teachers expressed their appreciation of the enjoyable evening by cheering for the Freshmen.

Nora Little, a former member of the class, left school and is now studying music.

George Werner left school to devote his time to farming.

IF

If Walter Wendt would Ruth March?

If Irma Haas Goodpaster would it last Cleo Long?

If Dudley Diggs will Flossie Hech?

If John Wendt would it be Mohr pro or Conn.

If Flowers grew along Hedges would Lenore Bringham to school?

If Marjory Hathaway would Heber Walker along it?

W. H. S. Notes

On the 29th of November, the afternoon of dismissal for the Thanksgiving vacation, the faculty pleasantly surprised the pupils of the High School by rendering a delightful program, consisting of the following numbers:

Opening address.....Prof. C. E. Spaulding
Mandolin Solo.....Mr. Walker, accompanied by Miss Stratton.
Reading.....Miss Diederich
Piano Duet.....Miss Stratton and Mr. Kinnick
Vocal Solo.....Mr. Kinnick, accompanied by Mrs. Pattison

To show their appreciation the various classes arranged a return program to be given just before the Christmas vacation. With Clara Dilts and Ferne Parrott in charge, the pupils ably gave the following program:

Boys' Chorus....."Out on the Deep"
Violin Solo.....Agnes Hoffman
Piano Duet.....Edith Bader and Dorthea Manders.
Recitation.....Pearl Kistler
Piano Duet.....Goldia Barrick and Floy Hoch
Piano Solo.....James Hoover
Recitation.....Laura Brinker
Vocal Solo.....Edith Bader
Duet.....Jennings Vurpillat and Marshall Williams
Piano Solo.....Mildred Hathaway
Girls' Chorus....."Snowflake"

The assembly room had been appropriately decorated and Old Santa Claus had placed gifts for "the children" on the Chrismas tree and distributed candy among the pupils, teachers and visitors. After the program the gifts were presented and, when they were opened, everyone had a good laugh over "Master" Claude's train of cars, "Master" Heber's rabbit, and the "little girls'" watches.

During our school year, the ministers of the town conducted our opening exercises and gave us interesting talks. At various times the teachers of the High School took charge of the opening exercises with stories, interesting talks, etc. Among these were an interesting account of a journey up Pike's Peak by Miss Stratton, stories of the Ohio river and a reading on "Forest Preservation" by Miss Diederich.

The High School has been delightfully entertained, not only during opening exercises, but at various other times. Capt. Jack Crawford gave his thrilling descriptions and stories of the "wild west." Mr. McElhaney, representative of the Prang Water Color Company, demonstrated rapid sketching and talked interestingly on various branches of art. Reverend Bentley, chaplain of Jeffersonville prison, touchingly told of life at the reformatory.

For the music given at the various plays given during the school year we have been very much indebted to Edith Bader, Agnes Hoffman, Mabelle Miller and especially to Harry Hoffman, whose drum has merrily helped to while away the tedious periods of waiting between acts.

Course of Study

Winamac High School, 1911-12

LANGUAGES.

Latin—

1. Elementary Latin, using a beginner's book.
2. Cæsar. Four books with Composition.
3. Cicero. Five Orations.
4. Vergil. Translation of Four Books of the Æneid.

German—

1. Vos's Essentials of German and Bacon's Im Vaterland. Various poems and songs memorized.
2. Joynes-Meissner's German Grammar; Im Vaterland completed; L'Arrabbiata; Immensee; German prose committed.
3. Joynes-Meissner's German Grammar used for reference; Minna von Barnhelm; Hermann und Dorothea; Auf der Universitat;Das edle Blut and Die braune Erica used as sight reading; Schiller's Das Lied von der Glocke committed

MATHEMATICS.

1. Algebra. Daily for one and one-half years.
2. Plane Geometry. Daily for one year.
3. Solid Geometry. One half year of Solid Geometry or of Commercial Arithmetic is required for graduation.
4. Commercial Arithmetic. Daily one-half year.

SCIENCE.

1. Agriculture. Warren's Elements used as a text. Laboratory and field work emphasized. Bulletins used for reference.
2. General Botany. Bergen's Essentials used as text. Botany is correlated with the agricultural work in so far as it can be done.
3. Physics. Millikan and Gale's text. Laboratory work to supplement. Daily for one year.

HISTORY.

1. Ancient. Myers' text used. The Eastern Nations, Greece and Rome studied.
2. Mediæval and Modern. Myers' text used. Period from the fall of Rome to the present time.
3. United States History and Civics. McLaughlin's American Nation and Moses' Civics of U. S.

ENGLISH.

First Year—

1. Composition and Rhetoric. Two days per week. Thomas and Howe's text. Composition work given one day and exercises in rhetoric one day per week.
2. Literature. Three days per week. ("Lady of the Lake"; "Sketch Book"; "The Man Without a Country"; "The Cricket on the Hearth"; "The Merchant of Venice"; "Twelfth Night"). Home Reading: "Treasure Island"; "The Last of the Mohicans." A selected book.

Second Year—

1. Composition and Rhetoric. Thomas and Howe. Two days per week. Emphasis on composition, oral and written.
2. Literature. Three days per week. ("Mosses from an Old Manse"; "Three Great Narrative Poems"; "Silas Marner"; "The Vision of Sir Launfal"; "Ivanhoe"; "Julius Cæsar"). Home Reading: "John Halifax"; "Henry V." A selected book.

Third Year—

1. Composition. One day per week. Oral and written work.
2. Literature. ("Idylls of the King"; "Essays on Johnson and Addison"; "Selections from Shelley and Keats"; "Tale of Two Cities"; "Speech on Conciliation"; "Macbeth"). Home Reading: "The Talisman"; "The Tempest." A selected book.
3. History of Literature. Tappan's text used. Class completed the larger part of the text dealing with English Literature.

Fourth Year—

1. Composition. One day per week. Oral and written work.
2. Literature. ("The Princess"; "Emerson's Essays"; "Browning Selected Poems"; "Milton's Minor Poems"; "Hamlet"). Home Reading: "Scarlet Letter"; "King Lear." Selected book.
3. History of American Literature. Tappan's text.

SPELLING.

All pupils in the high school required to take spelling twice per week. Daly's text used.

MUSIC.

Music is required of the First and Second Years two days per week. The science and the symbols of music are taught and considerable practice given in reading music. Morning chorus work twice per week by entire high school.

DRAWING.

Drawing required once per week of each class.

Our Grade Teachers

DICA ALE

ANNA GRIMES

EMMA WHARTON

MAUDE MESSERLY

INA TERRY

CLARA DELLINGER

MARY FALVEY

Roll of Honor Pupils

1911-12

First Grade—Tom Herd, Garland Fites, Zelma Delano, Lucile Long, Veoda Snyder, Pearl Starr, Vivian Wharton.

Second Grade—Theodore Bowers, Kenneth Clark, Hale Emerich, Herbert Hoch, Thomas Hatfield, Teddy Keys, William Munchenburg, Neil Spurgeon, Carl Van Horn, Mary Bond, Dorothy Cox, Mary Crump, Ethel Dellinger, Cora Grafton, Elnore Hill, Ruth Johnson, Drucilla Moss, Gail Miller, Velma Moody, Kathryn Overholser, Nettie Poor, Hilda Poor, Madge Stevens, Evalyn Paul.

Third Grade—Herbert Birrell, Stanley Delano, Elmer Davis, Melvin Elliott, Lonnie McKinley, Errel Nutt, George Oglesby, Stewart Rees, Charles Riemenschneider, Stanley Starr, Freddie Werner, Norris Wharton, Ethel Agnew, Thelma Herrick, Lois Keller, Fay Lugenbeal, Clara Megahan, Rosamond Reinhart, Dorcas Shaw, Gladys Spurgeon, Gwendolyn Zellers.

Fourth Grade—Agnes Cox, Agnew Cox, Anna Fishtorn, Burnie Prince, Clifford Freeman, Dorothy Galbreath, Farrell Hoch, George Wade, Helen Campbell, John Starr, Mabel Zellers, Merl Harpster, Milford Elliott, Milo Crim, Theodore Goodpaster, William Birrell, Willard Hatfield, Zoe Miller.

Fifth Grade—Hazel Conn, Thelma Hackett, Velma Long, Vera Long, Alice Shonkwiler, Ethel Smith, Mildred Snyder, Marguerite Wills, Lela Yocum, Martin Crump, Glen Emerich, Kenneth Fites, Clarence Galbreath, Kenneth Graves, Kenneth Keeler, George Moss, Willis Overholser, Fergus Parrott, Dale Scott, Wayne Spaulding, Raymon Timmons.

Sixth Grade—Marie Bond, Ethel Bader, Vitalis Davis, Freda Evert, Lucy Grafton, Olive Jenkins, Ruth Lytle, Leona Munchenburg, Edwin Munchenburg, Gladys Prince, Madge Sanders, Maru Smith, Piercie Snyder, Geraldine Snyder, Ruby Starr, John Crump, John M. Diggs, John Dilts, William Werner, Robert Reinhart, Clifford Moody.

Seventh Grade—Marjorie Patterson, George Grafton, Orvel Crim, Edward Silance, Iva Conn, Fay Miller, Paul Wasser, Rosa Goodpaster, Jessie Wade, Esther Rees.

Eighth Grade—William Cox, George Dellinger, Gill Gordon, Gladys Kelso, Lessie Oglesby, Fred Reinhart, Alma Shaw, Charles Smith.

High School—Walter Mitchell, Helen Hagenbush, Cora Hartwick, Veneda Hummel, Ina Nitzschke, Mayme Rhode, Emma Ross, Lucy Zellers, Dudley Diggs, William Mohr, John Seidel, Harry Smith, Jennings Vurpillat, Gertrude Alberding, Katie Brown, Agnes Chapman, Agnes Flowers, Nellie Galbreath, Mary Jackson, Iva Deck, Beatrice Hedges, Mae Warmbrod, James Hoover.

Alumni Notes

The first graduating class of the Winamac High School was the class of 1890. The class was composed of seven members: Clara Shill Hoffman of Bass Lake, Ind.; Mary Estes Bouslog, deceased; Nettie Collins Lefever of Logansport, Ind.; George F. Loring of Chicago; Charles H. Cramer of Wakarusa, Ind.; Minnie Wood Carper of Los Angeles, Cal., and Belle Pearson Huddleston of Winamac.

In the class of 1891 there were two boys and two girls: Kizzie Collins Dallas of Winnipeg, Canada; Florence Agnew Cole of Washington, D. C.; Charles N. Carper of Los Angeles, Cal., and Harry W. McDowell of Winamac, who is at present prosecuting attorney of Pulaski and Starke counties.

In the class of 1892 there were seven members. Of these Maggie O'Connell, Amelia Barnett and Lillie Shill are still living in Winamac, although the last named is employed in South Bend. Myrtle Agnew Kiger of Harrison, Idaho; Harry Gates, manager of the Great Northern Cereal Company, of Akron, Ohio; Charles Morehart, who is with the Vandalia Railroad Company at South Bend, and Chase Wood of Los Angeles, Cal.

Edith Schell McMurray (1893) lives in Mulberry, Fla.; Rose Freeman Lukens in Indianapolis; Mary Jenkins Ham lives in Reading, Mass.; Grace Wharton Rowles at New Lisbon, Ind., and Charles A. VanWormer at Logansport.

There was only one member in the class of 1894: Dora Weyand Dukes, wife of Attorney F. L. Dukes of this city.

Of the class of 1895 Grace Thomas Bennett and Ella Jenkins are deceased; Gertrude Morehart is a teacher in Oshkosh, Wis.; Wilfred Cox lives at Deerfield, Ill.; Charles O. Bruce is with the Missouri Railroad Company at Bonne Terre, Mo.

The class of 1896 consisted of seven girls: Mabel Agnew Rapp lives in Spokane, Wash.; Della Carney in San Diego, Cal.; Josie O'Connell is the librarian of the Winamac Public Library; Lela Hedges Wharton and Maud Wharton Baughman are both living in Winamac; Florence Dilts Leeson at Terre Haute, Ind., and Alice Parris Boyles at Ft. Dodge, Iowa.

Three boys and three girls composed the class of 1897. They were Charles Jenkins, deceased; Grace Brown West of Cleveland; Ralph M. Streeter, deceased; Ethel Streeter, married and living in Indiana Harbor, Ind.; Michael Buehrle of Cleveland, Ohio; Rose Miller, Winamac.

Maud Dilts Burkey of this city was the only one who graduated in the class of 1898.

Of the class of 1899 Bertha Thompson Hathaway is deceased; Iva Critchfield Ragsdale lives in Paducah, Ky.; Jay Hedges is a traveling salesman for the Majestic Steel Range Co.; Blanche Miser Dirks lives in Indianapolis; Thomas M. Agnew in Bowman, N. Dak.; Nettie Corbett Watts in

Greencastle, Ind.; June Humes and Andrew P. Wirick in Chicago.

Charles Kelly (1900) is a mechanical engineer in Milwaukee, Wis.; Adda Boggess is a teacher in the Mentone High School; Margaret Tobin is doing newspaper work in South Bend; Etta Hornback Holmes lives in Kewanna, Ind.; Chauncey R. Bader, deceased.

1901—Ina Terry, who teaches Room Five of the Winamac Public Schools; Claude Netherton, a lawyer of Chicago; Pha Taylor Curtis of Toledo, Ohio; Ora Wildermuth, who is City Judge of Gary, Ind.

1902—Arthur Williams of Meade, Pa.; Bertha Jackson Kelly and Robert Kelly of this place; Francis Hodgson of Chicago; Perry Crockett of Waveland, Ind.; Katherine Crawford Owens near Star City; Hattie Kriss Lowe of Arlington, S. Dak.; Emma Wharton, teacher of Room Three of the Winamac Public Schools; Cora Hornback Galbreath of near Kewanna; Howard Baughman of Retah, Mont.

1903—John Campbell, with the Winona Telephone Co. at Plymouth, Ind.; Harry Wirick and Maude Nye of Winamac; Joseph B. Agnew, editor, Alexander, S. Dak.; Charles Hansell of Lafayette; Maude Compton Wirick of Chicago; Bessie Wheeldon Baird of New York City; and Minnie Hodgson Noel of Chicago.

1904—Ruth Nye Wirick, Maud Kaufman, Lenore Comer Barnett and Elgie Little of Winamac; Mamie Crockett of Chicago; Walter Mott, dentist, Van Buren, Ind.; Lottie Lowe Kittleman of Berwyn, Ill.; Olive Baughman Beiderman of Glendive, Mont.; Morris Meyers of Chicago; Francis Meyer and Mabel Holmes Kestle of Pulaski, Ind.; Dessie Davis (married) of Hudson, Ind.; and Ossie Clark, teacher, at Lakeville, Ind.

1905—Ross Netherton and Charles Thrailkill of Gary; Grace Thompson, bookkeeper for the Winona Telephone Co., Winamac; George Mitchell of Logansport; Walter Watts of Lafayette; Paul Engle of Weyburn, Canada; Gertrude Hoffman Bader and Chauncey Bader of this city; Helen Manders Philipson of Lawton, Ind.; Joseph Belcher, Baptist minister, Windfall, Ind.; and Gertrude Moore of Pottsville, Pa.

1906—Raymond Riffle is a doctor at Indianapolis and has recently been married to Leta Abbot, formerly of W. H. S.; Otta Blinn Jenkins and James Jenkins are at Walnut Ridge, Ark.; George Reddick is a medical student at Valparaiso University; Arlu Rearick Harker and Grace Agnew Hopper are living in Bloomington, Ind.; Nellie Metz lives near Winamac; Vera Ethel Yarnell lives in Winamac; Foster Riddick is editor of the Winamac Republican; Paul Riddick lives in Kendall, Mont.; James A. Dilts is a lawyer of Winamac; Clyde Netherton, a medical student of P. & S. Medical school of Chicago; Marion Hedges is attending Harvard University; Alma Bader and Clara Kriss are with the Winona Telephone Co. at Winamac.

1907—Mary Falvey, teacher of the Seventh grade of the Winamac Public Schools; Dan Kelly and Georgia Connor of Winamac; Jay M. Falvey of Gary, Ind.; Charles Reinhart of Chicago; May Falvey, teacher, of San Pierre, Ind.; Margaret Deegan of Logansport; and Alma Barnett Rafferty of Plymouth, Ind.

1908—Cecil Netherton, Amy Cox, Fay Agnew, Pha Kistler, Ida Stout and Nell Williams of Winamac; Elsie Conn, attending Indiana University; Maru Light Miller of Union City, Ind.; Will Hoffman of St. Louis; May Fleming, teaching near Runnymede,

Ind.; Charles March of Lucerne, Wyo.; Mark Falvey, with the Kingston and Kokomo Brass and Electric Co., in Chicago; Floyd Barker of Logansport; Russell Dilts and Henry Wiesjahn, attending Purdue University.

1909—Rowe Degner, Alvin Smith, Clancy Murphy, Bertha King, Oscar Cloud, Earl Foreman and Orville Pattison of near Winamac; Talbert Long of Lake Cicott, Ind.; Bertram Rifle and Harry Ginther, attending dental college in Indianapolis; Allen and Ed Williams of near Lafayette; Flo Metz, taking training at the Wesley Hospital, Chicago; Orven Johnson of Chicago; Elnora Paul, attending Northwestern University; Clara Beckman, May Hoffman, George March, Omer Bader, Harve Zellers and Ara Graves Burroughs of this city; Vernal Diggs and James Purdy, attending Purdue University; Hobart Yarnell of Chicago; Atlee Fites of Hayfield, Iowa; Tom Falvey of Gary; and Ira Barker, attending Wabash college.

1910—Lelah Werner, Mable Hare, Nellie Olds, Mabel Werner, Nina Henry, Mary Blew, Anna Cox, Rhena Aery and Ethel Smith are all teachers in the Pulaski county schools; Homer Morrison taught at Carmel, Ind.; Frances Kelly is attending Depauw University; Amy Noe Brooker lives near Winamac; Jesse Heise Pattison lives in Winamac; and Willard Flauding, deceased.

1911—Opal Taylor, Hazel Murphy, Beatrice Morrison, Alma Conn, Anna Rohlof, Mary Werner, Carrie Campbell and Gertrude Gilsinger have all been teaching in Pulaski county; Ruth Reams has been teaching in Alabama; Phalla and Zola Riggs are attending school at Marion, Ind.; James Falvey lives in Gary; Sylvia Lowry lives near Pulaski; Ralph Ewing is attending Wabash College; Josie Mulvaney, Ruth Stipp, Hazel Netherton, Myrtle Mitchell and Waldemar Huddleston live in Winamac and Eula Ross near Star City.

The class of 1912 has graduated and added its names to the list of alumni, making two hundred and twenty in all. Their history is told in another part of this paper.

Crimson and Gold

The Crimson stands for loyalty
Which ne'er should fade, we're told;
The gold is akin to royalty—
So here's to the Crimson and Gold.
The classes of our High School
Now come, now go, each year;
But here's to the Class of 1912—
The Crimson and Gold we cheer.

—FANETTE MILLER '12.

W. H. S. Memorials

As our eyes wander over the walls of the assembly room of the Winamac High School building, they often pause to rest upon some interesting adornment which has been left as a memorial by a preceding class. Some of these memorials have been and are of more practical value than others, nevertheless the school spirit and feeling of good-will that accompanied them have been the same, and the succeeding classes certainly appreciate them.

A table (as far as it has been possible to obtain one) of the memorials of the preceding classes is given below:

1896—A volume of English Literature.

1897—A volume of English Literature.

1901—Picture of Sir Galahad.

1902—Bust of Minerva.

1903—Three slabs of the Partheon frieze and a bust of Longfellow.

1904—Statue of the Victory of Samothrace and a set of electric bells.

1905—The assembly room clock.

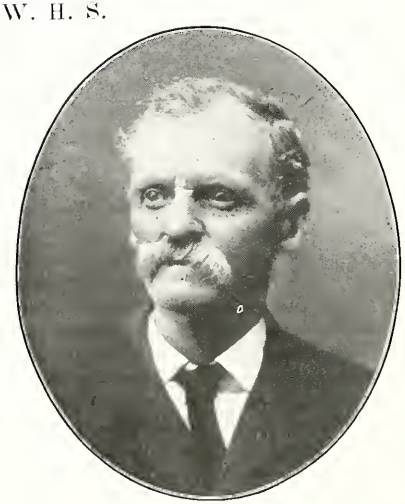
1906—Two teachers' desks and some books.

1908—Edison rotary mimeograph

1909 - 1910—(Classes together) High School piano.

1911—International Encyclopædia.

Each class since 1892 has claimed as its memorial to the W. H. S.



UNCLE BILLY.

Athletics

BASKET BALL

From the year 1904 to the present year of 1911-'12, football has been played by the Winamac boys, and every year the High School turned out a winning team. In 1910 the High School captured the Pulaski County pennant from Star City, winning two successive games with overwhelming scores.

Last fall, however, football was abolished as a High School sport and basketball took its place. This is the first year that basketball has been played to any extent by the High School boys because it was considered a girls' game and not fast and exciting enough for the boys, but before the season was over there was not a player who did not admit that basketball required even more brain and greater physical endurance than football. As to its not being exciting, those who watched the class games can vouch for that.

With the aid of Mr. Walker, as coach, four strong class teams were organized soon after the beginning of school. The teams chose their captains as follows: Tuttle, Senior; Conn, Junior; Ale, Sophomore; Metz, Freshman. A new court was made on the boys' ground and every evening games were played by the classes.

Every one looked to the Sophomores to turn out the winning team and to the Juniors and Seniors for sharing second place. Although the Sophs had the material it was impossible for them all to meet at the same time, and lack of practice disabled their team.

The Juniors had no idea of getting second place, but although their team was small, it was fast and they soon realized that all they needed was teamwork. So in every game they played it could be plainly seen that they worked together. Having beaten the Seniors once and the Sophomores twice, the Junior team advanced upon the Seniors a second time determined to put them out of existence and add another victory to their list. The Seniors were equally determined to beat the Juniors and, in the fastest game of the season they did so by a score of fourteen to twelve. This gave the Seniors second place and the honor of beating the Juniors.

When the class games ended the Juniors had won five and lost one, the Seniors had won four and lost two, the Sophs had won three and lost three, and the Freshmen had lost every game because of the lack of players. They had, however, fought every game to the finish and were not readily beaten by any means.

In these games between the classes every spectator and player stood for his team and class and all the games were watched with interest, not only by members of the school, but by others as well. Every one looked forward to strong "Varsity Team," but then came the dreaded exams and the forces dwindled down to five eligible players. Without a suitable room for indoor work, the team could not practice to-

gether at all, but, nevertheless, when a challenge came from the North Judson High School team, we accepted.

On Friday evening, December 8, the basket ball team, accompanied by Mr. Walker and Mr. Kinnick and only one rooter, journeyed to North Judson and there met disastrous defeat. Considering the lack of practice and the floor on which the team played, together with the lack of support, it put up an excellent game and the North Judson team earned every score it got. In the second half the Winamac team showed decided improvement, and if it had played the same way in the first half the score would have been somewhat different. The team, however, was not discouraged and wanted to turn the tables on the Judson boys. If a suitable room could have been procured several games might have been played at home. As it was no room was obtained and this game ended the basket ball season.

The boys all want to thank Mr. Walker for the interest he took in establishing basket ball in the High School, for without foot ball or basket ball, last fall would have been very dull indeed along athletic lines. As it was it passed only too quickly.

BASE BALL

Unable to organize a track team under the I. A. A. the High School boys decided to play base ball. Cecil Gilger was elected captain of the "Regulars" or eligible players. The ineligible players organized and called their team the "Outlaws." Games were played every noon between the two teams and nearly every day the "Outlaws" were shut out. The first nine-inning game was played on Thursday afternoon, April 25. In this the "Regulars" won by a score of sixteen to eight.

Several games have been scheduled with other High School teams, but up to this time none have been played.

The Junior Basket Ball Team

When it comes to Basket Ball,
The Junior boys surpass them all.
They're not so great, but they're
in the swim,
And they relish Basket Ball with
vim.
Forward! Baker you are hot,
Almost got it at that shot!
See Henry, he's not far behind,
Rushes by us like the wind!
Lizzie boy, although he's slow,
Will guard the basket well, you
know.
There's Gilger with his bulldog
grit,
He will show them where to sit!
The captain! Rah! Our glorious
Conn!
Oh, how they'll miss us when
we're gone.

—The Juniors.

Language Department

Epistola ex Antiquo Mundo Marco Augusto magistratui huius oppidi:

Quod es magistratus et existimo necesse esse oppidum nonnullum ex tumultu otium paulisper habere pauca tibi scripturus sum, quae in hac oppidi gessa sunt.

De tertia vigilis manus hominum in meam domum praedae causa intravit et omnia, in quae manus suas ponere potuerunt et omnia in conspectu, ceperunt. Vero, domus est nunc vacua praeter me.

Nunc, si lex melius non mox administratur, Stellam Urbem proficiscar et oppidani uno pauciores erunt.

Sum
JENNINGS VURPILLAT.

SAH EIN MANN EIN HUNDCHEN STEHN.

Sah ein Mann ein Hundchen stehn,
Hundchen in der Schule!
Wuszte etwas musz gescheh'n
Lief er schnell, ihm nach zu geh'n,
Stiesz ihn mit dem Schuhe.

Hundchen sprach: ich beisze dich,
Hundchen in der Schule!
Lehrer sprach: ich stosze dich,
Weil du immer stoerest mich,
Schlag dich mit dem Stuhle.

Und der grosze Lehrer schlug
's Hundchen in die Seiten.
Hundchen hatte dann genug,
Ja, die Schul' war ihm ein Fluch—
Und er konnt's nicht leiden.

—MABEL SMITH.

The Lost Violin

"Coli, you-a go 'way, and let a-me be. I ver' busy. Always work-a."

Upon seeing the evident annoyance of his mother, whom he had been bothering with boyish questions, Coli turned and left the room.

He was an Italian lad of nine years, and had the characteristic personal appearance of his race; black hair, dark eyes and swarthy complexion. However, there was something more than ordinary in the eyes of this boy; they were so large and lustrous, so deep and expressive, that when you looked into them, a strange undefinable feeling seemed to sweep over you. In height he was above the average. He was slender and of easy and becoming grace.

It was a sultry August day, and the sun beat down upon the narrow stone-paved streets and the bare frame houses in the squalid district of Genoa. The rickety buildings and dirty streets were a great contrast to the beautiful marble architecture of the richer part of the city. Indeed, it was hard to believe that these rambling structures belonged to that grand city, which has won the name "la superba." There was not a breeze stirring, and the poorer class suffered greatly from the severe heat.

The streets were crowded with hot, sweaty drivers. Several fruit peddlers pushed carts laden with chestnuts, oranges and lemons thru the crowds. On each side of the street were unpainted frame structures, very dilapidated, with the shutters loose and often hanging by one hinge. The doorways were crowded with dirty, black-eyed children.

From the tops of the houses numerous clothes-lines were stretched, covered with dingy clothes. Out of the open doorways an aroma of coffee and garlic mingled and filled the air.

Coli walked to the end of the narrow street, turned into a path that led over a small hill, and walked swiftly to the top. There he turned to see if he was being observed and satisfied that no one else was near, he went on his way. At the bottom of the hill he sat down under an Indian fig tree, and leaning forward, pushed away the branches of some shrubbery and looked eagerly into the opening. Then, with a cry of dismay, the boy drew back; instead of the object so dear to him, he found only splinters of dry wood and a bunch of mangled violin wires. For an instant he sat still, gazing with unseeing eyes into the distance. The whole affair of the violin, his lost companion, ran through his mind.

He had kept his secret so long that it seemed strange that anyone should have discovered the hiding place of his beloved violin. He remembered how the old man, whom he had helped across a crowded street, had taken an interest in him and, upon his death had given the old Stradivarius violin to him, Coli. He had never dared tell his step-

father, Giovanni, for he would soon have disposed of it, when money was lacking; neither did he tell his mother for he was afraid she would give the secret away.

His sole companion was gone, the one thing that he loved most. Coli was filled with grief; for a few minutes he sat like one entranced. Then, as he realized what it all meant, an expression of great distress came over the fine features of the boy's face. He leaned his head on his hand and remained quite still for several seconds.

Instead of going back to the dirty city street Coli took his way thru a street that led to the sea. He stood on the wharf watching the small fishing smacks coming in to shore. It was now evening. The red of the sunset flashed over the water, and the small waves seemed iridescent as they splashed against the huge posts of the landing and were dashed back. The wet seines of the fishers looked silver-rimmed in the light of the sun.

But Coli's grief was too great to be quenched even by the beauty of the beautiful. His loss was so great that the sights he usually delighted in had no charm for him now. From this wharf the city is more beautiful than when seen from any other place. Coli turned to notice that great eastern gate, the Porta Romana.

Scanning the shore line, he noticed a small boat. As he looked, the boat drew nearer, and he saw that the only occupant was an old man, wearing a black slouch hat. The rower had his back to Coli and did not see him. But Coli recognized him as his step-father, Giovanni, and cautiously left the wharf. Hurrying along the streets lest he should be seen by his step-father, he soon reached home a little after Giovanni.

His stepfather and mother were seated at a small bare table partaking of the evening meal which consisted of spaghetti, rye bread and coffee Coli ate little, and as he rose from the table, Giovanni asked in his rasping voice where he had been. Coli did not reply. He was used to such remarks and knew it would only end in a quarrel if he answered.

Coli glanced around the room. Suddenly his eye fell upon an object which lay on an old longe in the corner of the room.

How could this be? Here was his very violin, which he had supposed smashed. Here, indeed, for there were the very pearl ornaments. He could have shouted for joy, but he remembered the presence of Giovanni, and remained silent. He could not understand how his violin happened to be here. What meant the splinters and tangled wires in the place of the violin?

It would be folly to try to gain possession of his beloved old "Strad" by telling the secret. This would only have angered Giovanni.

The step-father noticed Coli's wondering glances at the violin and explained how it came to be there, in his sharp, cracking voice:

"I buy a-da violin ver' cheap, when I come long shore tonight. I sell-a him soon—make a-da lots-a-mon." His small black eyes narrowed in delight.

All night Coli lay awake thinking of plans to get the violin, all of which seemed impossible upon consideration.

When Giovanni picked up the instrument the next morning, and with a twinkle in his evil eyes, went down the narrow stairs into his shop below, the boy's spirits sank. For Giovanni was a second hand dealer, and Coli knew he

would sell the violin in his shop.

A few hours later a well-dressed man, seeing the violin in the window, entered the dingy second-hand shop. Greatly pleased with finding a genuine old Stradivarius, he immediately bought it.

As he left the shop and walked down the street, the gentleman saw Coli, and, attracted by the remarkable appearance of the boy, he approached and addressed him.

"Good morning. I was just passing when I noticed you, and thought you might take a small part in an opera which we are producing in this city. I am looking for a lad of just your appearance and I think that you are just the one we're hunting. There will be nothing to learn and you can easily take the part, if I can get your father's consent. Where do you live and what is your name? I am Mr. Arlington, the stage manager. "

Giovanni was so surprised and eager when the stage manager made an offer of what seemed a fortune to Giovanni for Coli's acting, that he did not hesitate in giving his consent to the boy's acceptance of the part.

* * * * * * *

On the night of the first production of Mr. Arlington's opera, the play house was crowded with Italian music lovers. Coli had soon learned the small part in the opera, and pleased the manager.

As it was almost time for Coli to go on, Mr. Arlington, who had been solicitous about the boy, hastened to the dressing room to tell him that it was almost time for him to appear. As he approached the dressing room at the end of the narrow corridor, Mr. Arlington heard the soft, sweet strains of a violin. He remembered having left the old Stradivarius in Coli's dressing room. The music was so sweet that as he listened he held his breath, fascinated. He wondered who it could be, for all the violinists were now on. He never thought that the nine-year-old Italian boy could play. He had never heard such music before, so sweet and pathetic, then so light and merry. "How beautiful!" he thought. Yet who could it be, for there was no violinist here.

Soon the music ceased. Mr. Arlington drew nearer the door, but, when the dressing room door opened he stopped suddenly. For there in the half-open door, stood Coli, violin in hand. Then, it was the boy! The manager rushed to the boy, and catching him in his arms, said, "Boy, boy, you are a genius; that was the most beautiful music that I have ever heard. But now, they're calling you — wait, the violin — there, play, boy, play! It's yours forever!" He had thrust the boy on the stage, the violin in his arms.

Slowly Coli drew the bow across the strings. Forgetting everything except that the violin was indeed his very own, he played as he had never played before. The audience was spell-bound. When he had finished, peals of applause met him. He stood there smiling, too happy to speak. At last the violin was his again. The dream of his life had come true; he had pleased the people, his people with his music. The violin was his companion again. How beautiful was the world!

When he left the theatre, Coli was handed a letter. He tore it open and read:

"I have heard you play, and feel that I must make this explanation of affairs. It was I who took your violin and left the trash as a joke. But now I realize what it meant to you, and am truly sorry. You see, I intended giving it back but when an old man in a boat

offered me a good sum of money for it, I sold it to him, right there on the shore, so I don't suppose you can ever get it back. I'm sorry, now, but you can get all the violins you want after this, for they're all crazy about you. Max Vantison."

It was all clear to Coli now. Max Vantison was an English boy who sometimes carried his jokes too far. He had discovered the hiding place of the old "Strad," and taken the real violin. Giovanni had purchased it from him and sold it. But now it was his. Coli was too happy to mind the intended joke.

Light hearted, he hurried home. At last it was his, that one companion. And he was a great musician. The crowds were murmuring the words; every place they seemed to be; the name of the greatest violinist, who had that night astounded his audience. Even the stones of the pavement seemed to resound the name, "Nicolo Paganini!"

—HELEN PARROTT '15.

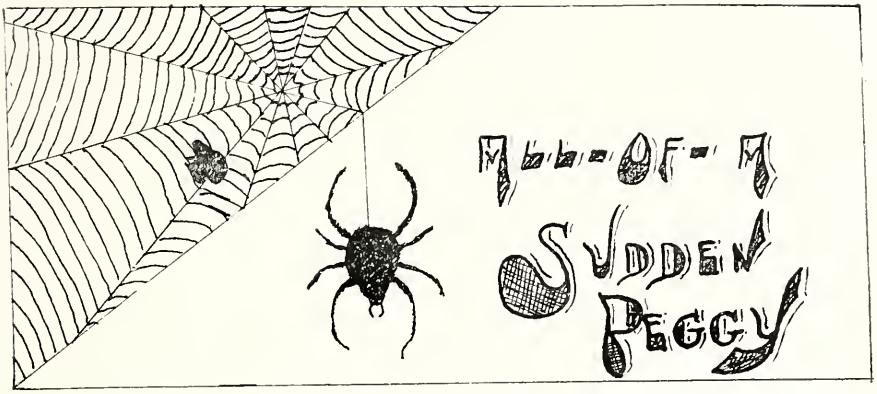
Agriculture

With the opening of the present school year came the introduction into the High School course of the subject of Agriculture. It has not been made simply an adjunct of the subject of Botany, but has been taught as a co-ordinate study in the curriculum. The subject has, however, been correlated with Botany wherever possible. Warren's "Elements of Agriculture" has been used as text. There has been, in addition, much assigned reading required in bulletins, in Bailey's Cyclopædia of Agriculture and in other references. We have added a pretty good list of reference books in the subject to our High School library and have equipped a laboratory with sufficient apparatus to perform all the experiments given in Warren's text and many besides these.

From the first the pupils have shown much interest in the subject and it is safe to say that this interest will increase and broaden as the course becomes more definitely organized and as better equipment is secured for teaching the subject.

Corn judging and corn testing and many other practical matters were made a part of the laboratory work. Cream and milk testing with Babcock tester belonging to the laboratory equipment has aroused a deal of interest in dairy matters. Pupils are easily led to see the economic importance of such tests.

If proper room can be arranged for and sufficient teaching force can be provided, it is intended to extend the work in this subject to a two or even three years course.



(With apologies to Longfellow.)

I.

Listen, my "children," and you shall hear
Of the suddenness of Peggy dear.
On the eighteenth of April, the W. H. S.
Presented a play with great success.
And nineteen-hundred-twelve was the year.

II.

When the curtain was raised on that first act,
And every one was staring with awe,
The players saw that the house was packed—
And in ran Milly and discovered her "ma"
Fast asleep on the sofa there,
With a fierce, stern look and—powdered hair.
This lady aseep was our own dear Mid;
Did she like the O'Maras?—Heaven forbid!!!
She'd be only too glad of them to be rid.

III.

They were talking on gaily, when in came Dean—
A servant called Parker who did his part well;
Lady Crackenthorpe said, "Parker, what can this mean?"
And Parker was willing and ready to tell
Of Lord Crackenthorpe's orders, so strictly impressed,
To gather all spiders, the worst and the best,
And bring them to him for his own keen inspection.
So Parker proceeded according to orders,
But did not escape his mistress' detection.

IV.

Oh, Agnes looked so dear that night,
And she had her part learned best of all;
She tho't at first she should get stage-fright,
But she went straight thru with never a fall.
When Jimmy came in, he kissed his dear "sis";
Oh, Agnes was shocked—but for Bill it was bliss.
Throughout the whole play, Bill had kissing to do,
And he did it all up in the right way, too.
Shouldn't think he'd have been so in practice, should you?

V.

When Anthony entered, the audience roared,
And they were all sure he'd amuse them a lot.
Not once did our Johnny dear blush or feel bored,
And he bro't down the house with his "Why not? Why not?"
John couldn't have lived without eight or ten spiders,
And he loved the O'Maras, those awful outsiders.
Of all the mix-ups, this was surely the limit;
It was John they were after, so he was right in it;
He wanted their love and he was sure he would win it.

VI.

Jack Menzies, that faithful and loyal old boy,
Was a dear friend of Jimmy—in fact of "us all."
But he hated to stay and the family annoy,
So he hastened away saying later he'd call.
Oh, we must not o'erlook our own Peggy's dear mother,
Who felt sure that Jimmy resembled his brother!!!
It was really her wish more than Peggy's, you see,
That Peggy should love and adore Anthony.
Thus did Peggy and "mother" oft times disagree.

VII.

You all remember the plot of the play;
It was Archie, the rogue! who started it all;
"Oh, really, Charlotte," this is what he would say,
"Have you got a spare fiver? Oh, well— dash it all,
I really must go to my dentist, you know,
If I haven't the cash, I'll not stand any show."
He was interested much in this affair of the "mater,"
And all thru his scheming, things grew hotter and hotter.
Tutt was (in his own words) a deuced good plotter.

VIII.

The plot sailed on smoothly thru out the first part.
And Jimmy was trying his best to "dazzle,"
He was quite an expert when it came to this art.
But Peggy was sure that she cared not a frazzle.
When Peggy got started, she sure was a case.
Jimmy loved her so dearly, he would look in her face
And say, "Really now, dear, they don't understand ME,
Oh, I do want some sympathy, oh, why can't you see?
I'm just certain, dead sure, you and I could agree."

IX.

Whoever went to that Senior play,
Will never forget that artistic old talker,
The dear Mrs. Coloquhoun, stately and gay.
No one else said a word—she was sure the main squawker.
That cute little laddie who ushered her in,
This was Paul who was there with his usual grin.
This grand lady stirred up quite a fuss by her call,
With her incessant fuming and talking and all,
We were all really bored and were glad when she went.
For if you say patience, our was every bit spent,
She tho't she'd atone by those lillies she sent.

X.

The plot, it developed—it grew and it grew;

Peggy got Jimmy in it, in one way or other,
For only thru suddenness she knew what to do.
She had come to his rooms; later Archie and mother
Came in to investigate; oh, such a mix-up;
Jimmy tried to explain, but the more he would fix up
This horrible matter, the worse did it grow.
Jimmy told "mother and Archie" he wished they would go,
"Mater" went in a hurry, but Archie not so.

XI.

Thru all of her scheming, Peggy got things arranged,
There was Anthony engaged to her dear little mother.
When "mother" knew of her actions she was nearly deranged
So she married Lord Crackenthorpe and Peggy the brother.
Everything ended right, and we had lots of fun.
You'll not find such a play; no, not under the sun.
We had great times together, the teachers and all,
Miss Stratton, so tiny, and Miss Diederich so tall,
Such grand times together up there at the hall.

XII.

So goes the story of Peggy dear,
So goes the awful account of her doings,
Of Jimmy's entaglement and of his wooings,
You'll never forget them, you need have no fear.
'Twas a play of great merit—one to "adore,"
And its praises shall echo for evermore!
For of all the High School plays of the past,
None is to be compared with the last.
Whenever you're weary, and think you need rest,
Just open "The Totem" and read and you'll hear
Of one play, you will all call it best,
Of our All-of-a-Sudden Peggy dear.

—1912.

Wants

Wanted—Some wallflowers for Botany ..... Mr. Spaulding
Wanted—Some marbles ..... Cecil Baker
Wanted—A cure for bashfulness ..... Harold Dennis
Wanted—Some glue for my spectacles ..... John Wendt
Wanted—A step-ladder ..... Mr. Walker
Wanted—A maiden-hair Fern ..... Mildred Hathaway
Wanted—A good hair-dye ..... Martin Kuhn
Wanted—An alarm clock ..... Freshmen
Wanted—Someone to smile at ..... Max McKinnis
Wanted—To be a sport ..... William Mohr
Wanted—To move a mile a minute ..... Harry Parrott
Wanted—To talk all of the time ..... Gladys Huddleston
Wanted—To be a prima donna ..... Miss Stratton
Wanted—To eat drink and be Mary ..... Mary Jackson
Wanted—Nothing ..... Fanny Deckman
Wanted—To be Juniors ..... Sophomores
Wanted—At the 'phone ..... Agnes Chapman
Wanted—To see a marriage license ..... Miss Belden
Wanted—A Smithy ..... Agnes Miller
Wanted—A time-keeper for my tongue ..... Marjorie Hathaway
Wanted—A good excuse for being late ..... Faculty
Wanted—A hay-ride ..... Tuttle
Wanted—A girl ..... Thomas Smith
Wanted—To go to Texas ..... Miss Diederich
Wanted—A sure cure for noise ..... Mr. Kinnick
Wanted—A place to loaf ..... Clara Dilts
Wanted—A bright red desk for Room 7 ..... Miss Stratton
Wanted—A red desk two shades darker for the office ..... Mr. Spaulding
Wanted—Desiring to retain the favor and good will of the Winamac High School faculty, I wish to purchase a fresh supply of bright red paint ..... Mr. Wm. Humes
Wanted—More funds to supply the High School faculty's demand for red paint ..... Winamac School Board
Wanted—A trip to Chicago ..... Miss Belden
Wanted—A private secretary ..... Fanette Miller
Wanted—To win the kodak ..... Everybody
Wanted—A good willow stick about three feet long for Geometry III. ..... Miss Stratton
Wanted—A wedding gown ..... Mandy Bates
Wanted—An English grammar ..... Laura Brinker
Wanted—A cure for bothersome Boyles ..... Naomi Feuer
Wanted—A little humor ..... Miss Diederich
Wanted—"A Man Without a Country" ..... Harriet Rhynard

Wanted—A longer German poem to learn.....German III.
Wanted—Luther "Thompson's" Ninety-Five Thesis.....T. G. Tuttle
Wanted—A stuttering wife..... Silas
Wanted—A wife Scotch-Irish, rich, and one who can split wood.....Don Blew
Wanted—Someone to think of me.....Ethel Armstrong
Wanted—A potato.....Cecil Gilger
Wanted—An incubus.....Dorrit Degner
Wanted—An interesting English class on Tappan's Literature.....Mr. Kinnick
Wanted—More time for classes.....Mr. Spaulding
Wanted—More candy to eat in school.....Earl Skinner
Wanted—A wig with straight hair.....Cecil Baker
Wanted—Sufficient time to get my Latin.....James Hoover
Wanted—A good new style hair-curler ......"Kink" Mitchell
Wanted—A Baker.....Oma Douglas
Wanted—The light of my heart has gone out, but I want another Hartwick.....Fred Linn
Wanted—A Totem .....
Wanted—A second-hand reading table .....
....By a Freshman with wooden legs
Wanted—A copy of "All Alone".....Otho Riffle

With Apologies to Laura Jean Libby

Dear Miss Libby:—

Oh, Miss Libby I come to you with outstretched hands and tears in these beautiful blue eyes of mine. Such distress!!! I'm in love, Miss Libby, I know I am, because I've had a late tendency to write poetry. I spoke to one of my teachers concerning this desire and she told me I'd make an excellent poet, in fact had every attribute but the hair, so of late I've been letting this flaxen hair of mine fall back in sweeping layers toward the more bumpy part of my cranium. Advise me, Miss Libby, as to whether this little poem shows any symptoms:

"Say, what "Ales" me and what
"Ales" Ale?
There are things "Ale" me and
things "Ale" Ale.
But the things that "Ale" are
worse for me
Than those that "Ale" Ale, don't
you see.

P. S. If you publish this little ditty, please dedicate it to Tenaj or Senga, it doesn't make much difference.

ELTTUT.

Dear Mr. Elttut:—

Would advise you to take three teaspoonsful of Nux Vomica daily. It's an excellent hair grower. As to your late symptoms, will say that you **are** in love, young man, and would warn you to take every precaution or your case may become serious. Yours,

MISS LIBBY.

Miss Libby:—

I am a young man of the Sophomore class. I am desirous of attaining a high place in society. I pride myself on having a commanding figure, and athletic physique, a square, determined jaw, and a flowing crop of beautiful rope-colored hair. Despite all these attractions, I seem to be unsuccessful in my purpose. What can I do?

DROFREHTER YOR.

My Dear Mr. Yor:

Perhaps your complexion or the contour of your features need attention. I am sure if you have no imperfections of this sort, you will, in time, secure your desire. By the way, I got a letter from a girl signing herself Mabel S. stating that she would like a boy friend. You might write to her.

MISS LIBBY.

—❖—

My Dear Miss Libby:—

I am sixteen years old. I am in the Sophomore class. I can play base ball. I can play basket ball. I have a pompadour that stands straight up for me. I have tan shoes and a nice blue serge suit. In fact, I have every thing a little boy could want but one "thing," and that is—a girl. But, oh, Miss Libby, I do want that so bad. Please put yourself in my shoes for a little while and advise me. I will do anything you say—but

only suggest one little thing and I'll do it. Yours,

GRACIOUS SMITH.

Hong Kong, Ireland.
5-3-12.

Dear Friend:—

Rec'd yours of the 30th. Your case seems to be a trying one and one not easily solved. After racking my brains for the advice which you so "gracious"ly asked of me I have decided to refer you to Heber P. Walker of the Winamac High School. I remain,

MISS LAURA JEAN LIBBY.

—❖—

My Dear Miss Libby:—

My position is indeed most precarious. I am a Senior and a member of the noble class of 1912. I dislike females of any disposition. Nevertheless, at the various social functions of my class I must needs come in contact with girls. How can I escape such trials and tribulations? If this state of affairs continues long I feel I shall do something desperate. Yours,

PERRY H.

Dear Friend:—

For heaven's sake don't be so rash as all that. You must resign yourself to your fate. There is no escape. You will outgrow such bashfulness in time.

Your friend,

MISS L. J. LIBBY.

PROOF

Cunning little Clara Dilts
Touched a match to her father's quilts;
Father leaped a foot or higher,
Dropped his sheet and shouted, "Fire!"
Clara, wrapped in contemplation,
Viewed this scene of conflagration;
"This," said she, "confirms my notion,
Heat creats both light and motion."

After his Senior year in Physics the poem (?) above was written and respectfully dedicated to the Class of 1912 by

—ITS PRESIDENT.

In the Time of the Black Flag

When the descendants of Robert Clarke had passed the age of fairy stories and their young imaginations turned eagerly to tales of marvelous and thrilling adventures, their fathers or grandfathers with a look of pride and admiration took the youngsters aside and with due reverence brought forth a carefully preserved heirloom.

It pleased the older to see the open-mouthed astonishment of the younger when the sacred object fell open and showed itself to be a real pirate flag.

Then in answer to the eager questions the father repeats the following story:

It was a hot and sultry day in August in the year sixteen hundred and seventy-nine. The sun sank lower and lower into the Mediterranean, and presently was entirely submerged in the dark surface. Night drew about the little schooner riding at anchor.

The crew of the "Mary Ann" sat in anxious groups on deck, talking in hushed tones, for a feeling of brooding danger hung about. The air, heavy and suffocating, hung over the water, now almost motionless, and the sails hung limp, for there was a storm approaching.

It had been a hard day for the little band and what they feared most was nearly upon them. The "Mary Ann" was a small trading vessel, in the employment of the East India Company, which carried eastern exports to England. This cargo was especially valuable and they had been in constant fear of pirate ships.

They had passed the last African port and were about ten miles out when a badly broken rudder compelled them to await daybreak, and consequently they had cast anchor.

Captain Clarke was evidently uneasy, for he paced back and forth over the deck. Suddenly he stopped and strained his eyes toward the still crimson west. The men ceased their conversation and rushed to the rail. Each leaning forward, scanned the horizon. A gasp of terror escaped some, for they see coming toward them a small object. The minutes pass and as the ship draws still nearer their fear grows, for they see the black flag hanging from the mast.

Then the captain's curt orders send them hastening to their duties. There was some hope in the storm and the blackness of the night, but even then the danger was great.

The pirate ship drew nearer and nearer, and with its approach the night came and wind arose, rattling the rigging of the "Mary Ann." They moved everything from the deck and made ready for the storm; nor were they any too soon, for the storm broke in a gust of suppressed strength and shook the ship angrily.

Another thing was in the favor of the "Mary Ann"; the wind opposed the other ship, and as the captain rightly supposed, the at-

tacking party was compelled to cast anchor not far from the "Mary Ann." Then it was all either could do to withstand the storm. Captain Clarke gave orders that there were to be no lights, for all their hope lay in the enveloping darkness.

The men were eagerly discussing plans below, when young Robert, the captain's son, stole to the deck. He was compelled to grasp different objects to keep his balance, while he stood there eagerly looking about for some sign of the position of the pirate ship.

At last he saw a very faint light at some distance, glimmering thru the storm. Many means of escape came to his youthful mind, for he was a brave and noble lad, and was willing to sacrifice his life for the rest of the crew. But there was one plan which suited him especially, and he did not wait to consider the danger involved, but decided to act immediately.

He first went to the cabin and brought out a stout rope and a heavy augur. Then he crouched down against the mast to await the end of the storm.

He did not have long to wait, for the wind soon spent its passion and grew more quiet. He saw that the time for action had come and for the first time he realized the great danger. But he kept the position of the ship still in mind and began hurriedly to equip himself for his task.

First, he bound one end of the rope about his waist and finally the huge augur he fastened to his shoulder. Then quickly but steadily he removed his boots and jacket and fastened the rope to the rail of the deck. Then he lowered himself slowly toward the water, which still beat against the ship. He could hear the excited conversation in the main cabin, as they made ready to defend themselves.

Down, down he went until a huge wave caught him and pulled at him violently; then he loosened the rope from his waist and struck out across the intervening water.

He felt secure in his own strength, for a life near the ocean had given him a strong, well-built body and skill as a swimmer. For another thing, the wind was in his favor, and he hoped that before he should return the water would again be calm.

On he swam, each wave taking him nearer his goal. So far his strength was holding out, but he found that the distance was greater than he had imagined. The night was pitch dark and even the water was black.

He did not know how near he was until all of a sudden a huge bulk became visible, rocking with the waves. Then he could hear loud voices and he knew that he had reached the pirate ship.

A few more strokes and he touched the side of the vessel. Moving about it he was able to locate the men by the sound of their voices, in a cabin on the opposite side, preparing for an attack.

He thought it best to keep away from this side and so returned to the stern and climbed onto the rudder. Firmly seated, he selected a place on a level with the water and began rapidly to ply his tool. He worked fast and furiously and soon he had made one, then two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, and then nine holes in the rough wood.

The holes were about three inches in diameter and the water gurgled and circled as it ran swiftly into the ship. He hoped that they would not discover the source of the leak until it was too late to prevent the mischief.

But the real danger lay in the fact that he might be discovered. He had finished the work in safety and now he let the heavy augur sink into the water, and turning, forced his way back toward his ship.

The way was hard, but at last he came to the "Mary Ann" and found the rope just as he had left it. He climbed on deck and found that his absence had not yet been discovered. Thoroughly exhausted he staggered down to the cabin where the crew was holding a consultation.

When they saw his dripping clothing and wearied look they were amazed and listened eagerly while he told his story.

He had hardly finished when excited cries came from the other ship.

"There, they are sinking now," cried young Clarke, "we are safe after all."

Captain Clarke gave his orders and the men went hurrying to their places. They put the oars in place and guided by the frightened cries of the distressed men rowed toward them.

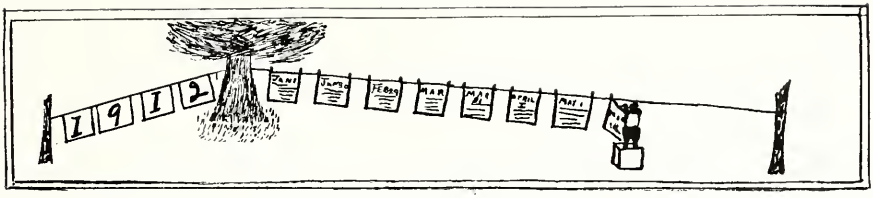
When the "Mary Ann" reached them they were frightened into quiet submissiveness. The captain and his men sent out small rafts and took the entire band captive.

They discovered that the pirates were the same as those who had been plundering the neighboring coasts and for whom the English government had offered a large reward.

The "Mary Ann" was repaired and the crew proceeded to their English port with the prisoners. Young Robert received the reward, which aided him in establishing his own trade and a prosperous future. And as a reward for his bravery the captain gave him a large black flag, the flag of the captured ship.

When the story is ended the younger will gaze reverently at the family treasure and vow to ever preserve to his children the story of the black flag.

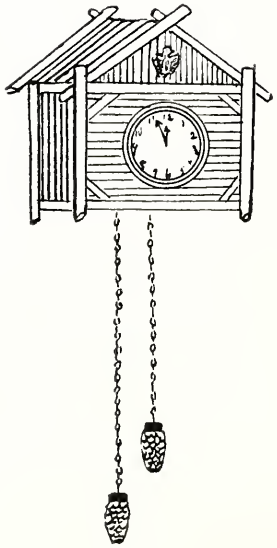
—FERNE PARROTT '13.



Calendar

New Year's Day—No school.
January 2—A marble rolled mysteriously across the floor.
January 3—Donald Blew sneezed.
January 4—Miss Diederich smiled.
January 8—Mr. Spaulding delivered his fifteenth lecture on "Good Order in School."
January 9—Donald sneezed.
January 11—Paul Mitchell lifted up his melodious voice in song this morning.
January 15—Harry Parrott blushed vigorously this afternoon.
January 18—Examinations—"I won't cheat."
January 23—Miss Diederich asked about The Totem.
January 24—Laura Noe pulled down the blind. Bee put it up.
January 26—Harry Parrott whispered to Bee Hedges.
February 1—"Mr. Walker, may I have your 'Hart?' "
February 2—Ground hog saw his shadow. So did we all.
February 5—Donald Blew answered a question in History today.
February 6—The basket ball wandered into the Assembly Room.
February 8—Because of its vagrant disposition the basket ball was locked in the closet.
February 12—Miss Stratton took up a collection.
February 14—Miss Diederich talked about The Totem.
February 20—Laura pulled down the blind. Paul put it up.
February 22—Don coughed. Mabelle looked around.
February 23—Tuttle tried coughing today.
February 26—History test. Mabelle absent.
March 4—Lecture by Miss S. Subject, "How to Brush the Teeth."
March 13—Beatrice M. wrote a note. "The rest is silence."
March 18—Clara was sent from the office, for the office is no place to "loaf."
March 20—Miss Diederich's hoarseness is getting better. The Seniors are working on The Totem.
March 25—Mr. Kinnick ascended the speaker's platform today and delivered a very forceful lecture on "How to Walk Upstairs."
March 27—The clock stopped.
March 28—The clock stopped.
March 29—The clock stopped again.
April 1—Jimmy Ryan (sophomore) called a Freshman class meeting. (April Fool.)

April 2—Beatrice Miller changed her seat.
April 5—Miss Stratton had her picture taken.
April 8—Everybody having photographs taken.
April 9—Tuttle wants a hay-ride.
April 10—Mr. Walker gave a lecture this morning. Subject, "Roaming About in a Rambling Manner."
April 11—Noon—Senior class meeting. Rings discussed. Recess—Senior class meeting. Rings debated on. Evening—Senior class meeting. Rings, rings!
April 12—Noon—Senior class meeting. Subject, "Kind of Rings We Want." Evening—Senior class meeting. After a lengthy session, the rings were chosen.
April 13—Lecture on "The Totem" in English IV.
April 17—Donald Blew answered another question in History.
April 18—Charles Ale consulted the dictionary.
April 19—Donald sneezed. Ale went to the dictionary.
April 22—Miss Diederich smiled.
April 23—John Wendt and talked with May.
April 25—Donald sneezed. Conn received a note and he grinned.
April 26—The Seniors admired their fingers.
April 29—The Seniors continue to admire their fingers.
April 30—Spring fever.
May 1—Spring fever. Spread is serious.
May 10—Spring fever. Epidemic.
Schools closed.



Seniors' Advice to Juniors

C. D.—Bluff it thru; you'll come out all O. K.

M. H.—Be haughty, frigid and freezing.

M. M.—Take things easy; what's the use of worrying? You're going to die some day.

A. H.—You've got to go slow and steady, if you want to get there.

B. M.—Take plenty of time for note-writing; it's so much fun when no one finds it out.

L. B.—If you can't undersand things just **make** them explain.

B. H.—Act just as innocent as you possibly can.

D. P.—Children, recite every time you're called upon.

P. M.—Work hard; there's nothing like being a star.

H. P.—Blush if you have to, but try awfully hard to prevent it.

E. S.—Look wise; for heaven's sake, you've got to.

J. W.—Appear brilliant, even tho' it **does** cause you great agony.

P. K.—Be just as sweet and natural as you can; they'll love you for it.

K. H.—If you haven't a complexion, assume one.

F. M.—Girls, the best way is to memorize your lessons, then you're sure to have them.

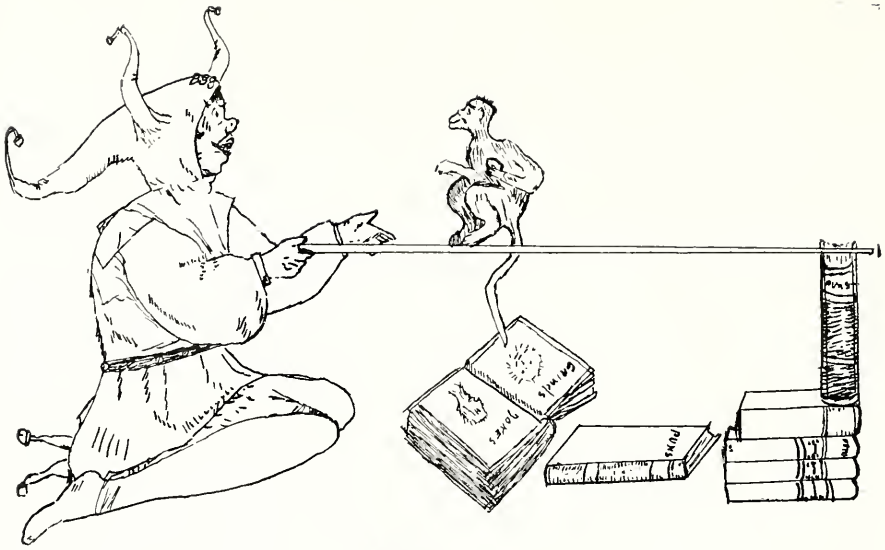
H. J.—Girl's, girls, don't ever cut up—it's horrid.

Wm. J.—You can cut up for all the people part of the time, and for part of the people all of the time, but you can't cut up for all the people all of the time.

V. D.—It pays to work hard, it's sure to please the teachers.

E. L.—Be demure. By all means, don't shock anyone's modesty.

C. L.—I tell you, it takes brain power—I've found that out myself.



Jokes

Miss Belden (in Drawing IV while enumerating scenes to be illustrated from "All-of-a-Sudden Peggy")—"Now I've never seen a marriage license, so don't ask me how to draw one."

Senior (quoting from Mrs. Briggs of the Poultry Yard)—"Heaven forgive the stretcher."

It was Mr. Walker's custom to allow History IV. pupils to borrow his Hart's History.

Clara D. (frantically waving her hand amid the confusion at the end of the recitation): "Oh, Mr. Walker, may I have your Hart?"

A deep blush suffused the phiz of poor Mr. Walker.

Mr. K.: "What three words are most used?"

Lawrence R. (Freshman): "I don't know."

Mr. K.: "Correct."

Mr. W.: "How does it happen that you're five minutes late this morning, Fred?"

Fred L.: "Please, sir, I must have overwashed myself."

Visitor: "And how is Glenwood getting along in High School?"

Mrs. T.: "He's half-back in the foot ball team and all the way back in his studies."

Miss S.: "James, give the principal parts of 'amo'."

James Keplar (Latin I.): "Kisso, huggere, proposi, marrium."

Miss D.: "On what day did Cæsar lose more soldiers than any other day?"

Julius H. (History II.): "On examination day."

Paul M. (reading Vergil on the morning after the Senior play):

"'Three times I cast my arms about her neck' and—that's as far as I got, Miss S."

Miss S.: Well, I think that's quite far enough."

Visitor: "What is your name?"

Cecil Gilger: "That is my signature! Don't you see it?"

Visitor: "I do. That is what aroused my curiosity."

Senior: "I don't believe Mr. Walker likes school."

Uncle Billy: "Yes, he does, but he likes his classes in Room 5 best of all."

Miss D. in History II.: "Donald tell me what you know of the Mongolian race."

Donald B.: "I wasn't there; I went to the base ball game."

Dean Pattison in English IV.: "The setting is the time and place without the girl."

Miss D.: "John, what figure of speech is 'I love the teacher'?"

Johnnie: "Sarcasm."

Mr. S.: "I shall be tempted to give this class a test in Botany."

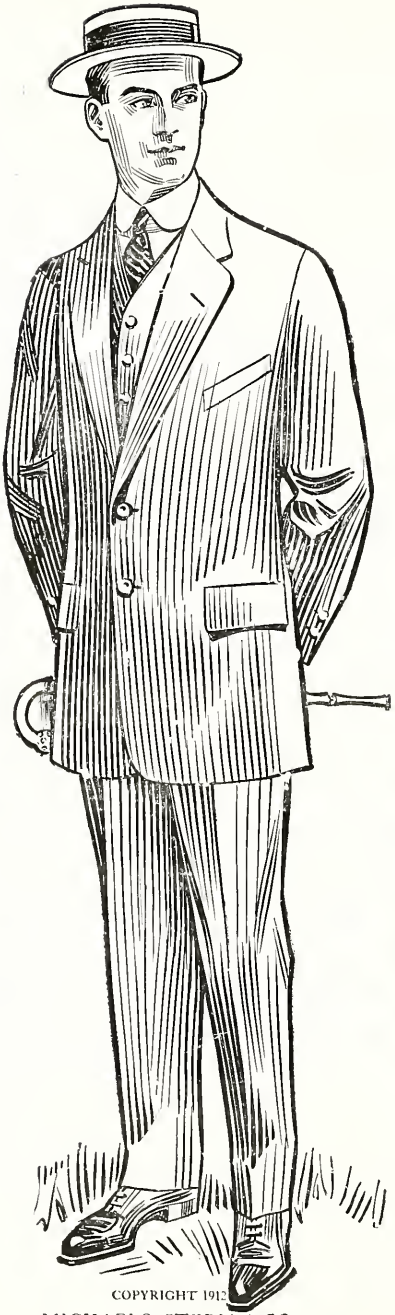
Voice from the rear: "Yield not to temptation."

This is a funny, funny world. A mouse will make a girl scream with fright, while a rat will simply make her hair stand up.

Miss Stratton: "Roy, what is a polygon?"

Roy R.: "A polygon is a dead parrot."

HAAS



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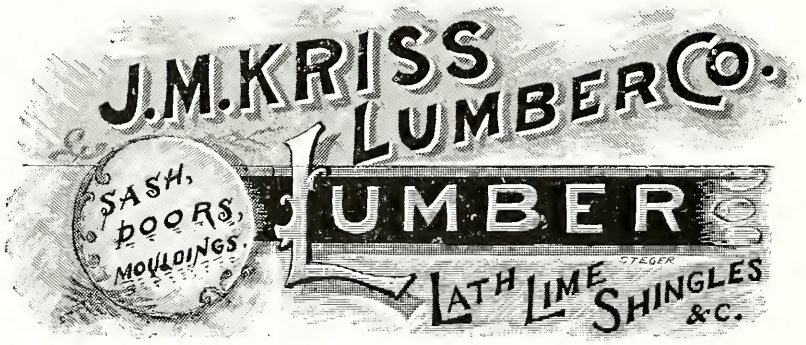
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Regular Summer Term opens June 10.
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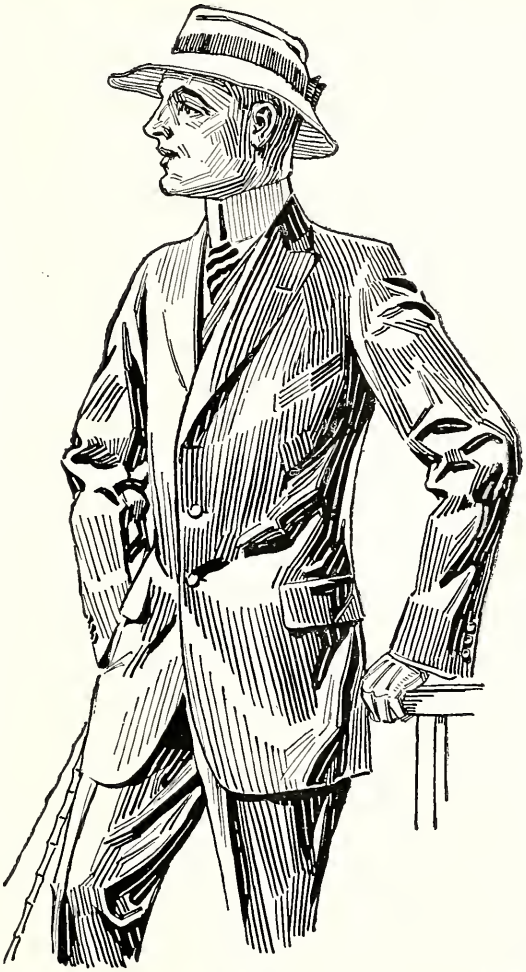

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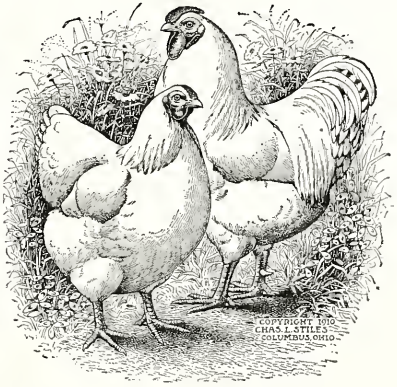

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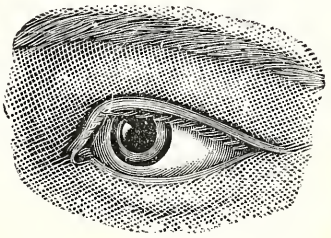

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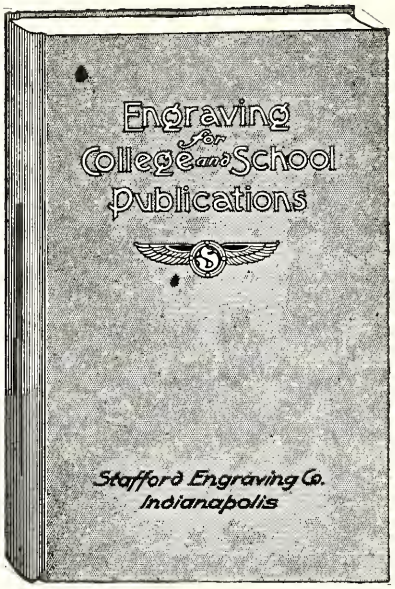

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